



ELEGY VI.

**B**

BEHOLD these tears, my love's true  
tribute payment! These plaintive  
Elegies, my griefs' bewrayers ;  
Accoutered, as is meet, in mournful  
raiment! My red-swollen eyen,  
which were mine heart's  
betrayers 1

And yet, my rebel eye, excuse  
prepares, That he was never  
worker of my wayment,

Plaining my thoughts, that my confusion they  
meant. Which thoughts, with sighs (for  
incense), make dumb  
prayers

T'appease the furies of my martyred  
breast ; Which witness my true loves, in  
long lament. And with what agonies I am  
possesst!

Ah me, poor man! where shall I find  
some rest ? Not in thine eyes, which  
promise fearful hope! Thine heart hath  
vowed, I shall be still distresst! To rest  
within thine heart, there is no scope ! All  
other places made for body's ease,  
As bed, field, forest, and a quiet  
chamber; There, ever am I, with sad  
cares oppresst ! \* Each pleasant  
spectacle doth me displease ! Grief  
and Despair so sore on me did seize,  
That day, with tediousness, doth me  
molest i And PHCEBE, carried in her  
couch of amber, Cannot close up the  
fountains of my woe !